

Love Me Long Time by Rebldomakr

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Summary:

prompt fill: Um, what about a jonathan x billy x will threesome? Where jonathan caught billy fucking his little brother and he probably would take pictures while his little brother was getting his ass fucked open

notes: apologies. i went WAY off track.

Love Me Long Time

Author's Note:

unbetaed.

Jonathan doesn't like Billy Hargrove. They are the same age, but Billy looks like he's a twenty-something year old up-and-coming rock star who could be a model. Jonathan's a freak of freaks, artistic and lame, different and the same enough for him not to be special. He's average at best, less than on the typical day, and hideous on his worst. Billy's what Jonathan imagines Lonnie used to be like, only a whole lot louder. Attractive, king of the world, with a loud car and even louder music. Probably a lot more attractive and intelligent than his dad ever was, though, because Billy's in honors classes and there's not a girl in the entire school that won't blush when he talks to them. Even Nancy stumbled a little bit when he said she was pretty, before he said her mom was prettier than her.

He can't drink his way through a keg and not get alcohol poisoning. Jonathan hides behind Nancy at parties and smokes weed when she gets distracted with someone she knows. He's pretty sure he's seen Billy pull out a baggie of cocaine and snort it off of Tommy's quivering-with-laughter stomach. He's not jealous of Billy, either, because he doesn't feel the need to fuck a different girl at every party and get into fights over things he shouldn't have said. Jonathan's happy to kiss Nancy and just hold her, to take pictures of her and hold them higher than any porno mag could ever be. He's got Nancy's picture taped on the inside of his locker. Billy's locker is undecorated, but his neighbor has a puncture and a dent in the metal from when he punched it with a switchblade because the owner pissed him off a week earlier.

All the information and thoughts he has on Billy Hargrove are irrelevant to his daily life, until Jonathan comes home early from a date with Nancy because she wasn't feeling well enough after the movie to go out to dinner. She gave him a kiss goodnight next to an apology, promising to make it up to him on another date. All the information he has on Billy is irrelevant until he can use it to recognize Billy's car, even with the California license plate replaced

with an Indiana one.

There's no other car in the driveway and Jonathan absently wonders if Max stole her brother's car. He doubts it, but he can't guess what's more plausible than that. His mom isn't home and he's pretty sure Will said he'd be hanging out with his friends at the arcade today. Jonathan pulls himself out of his own car and goes to the front door, keeping a large radius away from the blue Camaro while remaining close enough to see into the windows. No one inside. Not even a leather jacket thrown across the front.

The front door is locked. Jonathan becomes even more puzzled. He unlocks the door with his key and walks inside, peering around the living room. Max and Will always sit on the couch, doing homework together or playing a board game. They are the only two people who can play Monopoly and actually enjoy it without arguing. Max always wins and Will is too timid to argue even if he thinks someone cheated. Jonathan closes the door and decides to check Will's room.

Max likes Lucas, doesn't she? Jonathan still wonders why she would've taken Billy's car, instead of just asking for a ride. Billy probably prefers her showing interest in someone who isn't black. The most bizarre thing is Jonathan's found a homosexual porn magazine in Will's room. He can't imagine what joy Will would get from a girl. Maybe just exploration, though Jonathan still doesn't understand why Max would choose Will over Lucas when she's made it clear how much she likes him.

Jonathan politely knocks on Will's bedroom door. "Hey, Will? I'm home early!" He calls out. A second doesn't pass before he hears a loud curse and something falling. He frowns. "Will?" He calls again.

"Hold on!" Will yells back.

"I'm coming in!" Jonathan says, too curious and too worried to just hold on or walk away. He pushes open the door, because Will's door doesn't have a lock, and steps inside of the bedroom.

Then he stops, Jonathan falling apart in pure horror.

It isn't so much that Will is naked or even that he looks like he's been

crying for an hour, tears and snot covering his face. It isn't the marks that dot around Will's body or the bleeding bitemark on Will's shoulder, either. Jonathan probably wouldn't even been shocked that Will was having sex with a guy, if the guy hadn't been Billy Hargrove.

His little brother looks even smaller than he normally does beneath Billy, looking even paler, and Billy looks even bigger with his muscles straining to keep a tight grip around Will's waist.

"What the fuck." He says.

Jonathan doesn't like Billy Hargrove because Billy's an obnoxious, racist, sexist asshole. Billy's the type of kid that'll either end up successful or dead by the time he's thirty. He doesn't like Billy because Nancy doesn't like him because Billy had beaten in Steve's face. He doesn't like Billy, not at all, but even he still has to admit that Billy is attractive. He's beautiful in ways most men can't achieve and he does it so effortlessly than when he puts in effort, it can make anyone want to look and touch.

He figures Billy's better than anyone else to be fucking his brother, if only because Billy's not weirded out at all or even camera shy when he's dick-deep inside of Will.

And Will's sobbing out into his pillow, arms laying limp around it. His skin's red from around his neck all the way down to the back of his thighs. Hands grasp his hips and keeps his lower body lifted more off of the bed than his knees could manage to bring it to. And Billy – who is an asshole, but knows how to fuck if his brother's reactions are any indication - is thrusting as hard as he seems to be able to go into Will's body.

Jonathan's sad he already ran out of film, left to sit on the sidelines and watch in wonder while his brother continues to fall apart.

Since he's found them having sex the first time, they've done this about a half-dozen times. He knows, now, that Billy comes by a lot to

have sex with Will. Even when people are home, he slips in from Will's window and gags him before Billy's even got his cock wedged inside. Jonathan's only around less than one percent of the time.

"B-" Will yelps, beginning to stutter when he'd been moaning and whining and crying. "B-B-B-Bill-" He gasps and his eyes roll up into his head, eyes fluttering shut. His dick, about the size of one and half of Billy's fingers, spurts out only a few droplets of cum. His body becomes more limp, even more like a rag doll.

Billy slows a little and gestures for Jonathan to come closer. He happily does, sliding in close and staring down at his brother his wonder until Billy grabs his head. He's made to look up. "Yeah?" He asks.

"How about you be a good big brother," Billy begins to pull out. His dick glistens and leaves Will's hole looking a little sloppy. Not leaking any cum, just stretched more than such a little body should be allowed to stretch. "And relieve some of the stress."

Jonathan pales. "What?" His stomach's rolling with fear. Billy's threatened this before ["Why don't I fuck your ass in front of Will? Quid pro quo." And "Bet you'd look real nice if you shoved your face into a pillow for me." Always accompanied with perverse leers and groping], but he kind of thought Billy was always just joking with him.

"Suck my cock." Billy says simply. "I want to come in your mouth and I want you to feed it to Will."

"I don't want to." Jonathan says. It tastes like a lie just because Billy's looking at him like it is.

"I don't care." Billy replies.

Jonathan's not really surprised by that, but still. He doesn't want to suck someone's dick. Just because he likes his little brother having sex - and putting together an album of all the photos - doesn't mean he's gay. "I don't want to." He repeats.

"And I said, I don't care." Billy snaps. He slides over to the edge of

the pat and pats his own thigh. "Suck my cock, or I'll hold you down and fuck your ass."

"You wouldn't do that." Jonathan says.

"Yeah?" Billy laughs. "Do you want to find out?"

No, Jonathan really doesn't. He looks at Billy's dick and feels a little sick, but he's getting on his knees and crawling between Billy's legs. He's too close to it, too soon. His stomach rolls. He feels ready to puke. Billy's already snagging his hand in Jonathan's hair and tugging his head forward.

"Come on, baby, show daddy if you're good at sucking as your brother." Billy says, grin wide and a little dangerous.

Jonathan swallows the spit in his mouth before he's opening his mouth. It takes him time to accept the tip inside, ready to take even more to bring it in. Billy doesn't wait, though, and he pulls Jonathan's head down and down until his cock is forcing its way into Jonathan's throat. He gags around it and his eyes water. He reaches up and grabs at Billy's thighs, digging his nails into skin in an attempt to push away.

"Uh uh." Billy grunts, keeping Jonathan's head in place. "Let me feel your throat, baby." He says and it's a disgusting coo, the type of thing that Will melts at. Jonathan tenses up even more, vision blurring rapidly from tears. His is tingling and he feels ready to pass out by the time Billy lets Jonathan's head fall back enough so he can take air in through his nose.

Will's whining, moving around to try to find them before he's opening his eyes. Billy's bringing Jonathan's face back forward again, but he's pulling it away after keeping his dick inside for only what feels like a couple of seconds. Jonathan gags and probably would puke if it wasn't for Billy shoving his head back and forth, his dick fucking into his throat and triggering his gag reflex but not allowing anything to come out.

At some point Billy laughs. "You eat fucking eggs today?" He asks. "Fuck, your brother puked on my cock before. You going to do the

same?”

Jonathan's stomach shakes and he feels sick. Billy wedges his dick back in and slowly drags out, until the tip of his dick is laying on Jonathan's tongue. He pants around it, barely able to look up and see Billy. He's got tears down his cheeks and he doesn't even realize it until after Billy's emptying out a load into his mouth.

And Jonathan swallows it. He feels the horror settling in within seconds, his stomach still rolling. He forces himself away from Billy, crumbling against the floor and gagging. Tinged white saliva dribbles out of his mouth, but he doesn't puke. He just trembles until his stomach settles and he can feel his face again.

“Oh, that was naughty.” Billy says between laughs. “We're going to have to do that again until you learn to save it in your mouth, babe. You took Will's snack.”

Author's Note:

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